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We are heartily sorry for the effect, which M. Hugo's works have produced on the minds of his own countrymen. The French stage has become a disgrace to any Christian and civilized people ; and, as for those glorious dreams of liberty in which M. Hugo and his fellow-radicals indulge for France, they are utterly fantastical, and must remain so, while the spirit of their country is such as to produce and applaud works like his.

The noble growth of free institutions does not spring from a licentious and immoral soil. They are not the result of idle declamation, but the fruit of steadfast purpose. They are not the sudden offspring of public paroxysms, but the slowly ripened and widely gathered harvest of individual principle.

ART. VII. — *Letters auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany.* By HEINRICH HEINE. Translated from the German by G. W. HAVEN. Boston : James Munroe and Company. 1836.

WHATEVER we may think of the moral character, motives, and intentions of the author of this book, it claims attention as exhibiting the views and opinions of a man of uncommon talent on a subject, which cannot but be interesting to every person of liberal education, — the condition of German literature during the last forty or fifty years. The literature of Germany of this period, like that of France, England, and Italy, is one of the causes as well as effects of the momentous changes wrought, within that short time, in the condition of Europe, and, in fact, of the civilized world. Indeed, if we wished to mention one of the most characteristic features of this time, it would be the immediate and reciprocal relation between literature and literary men on the one hand, and the political changes of the time on the other ; and this not only in those departments of literature, which, being of a more practical character, are nearly connected with, and immediately affected by political changes, but even in those which might be, and for ages have been, considered independent of these external influences. Nor ought we to be surprised at this. The tremendous blows, which, from the commencement of

the French Revolution, were levelled, in quick succession, at the very foundation of all social institutions, and which were, in their turn, in part at least, the effect of the literary efforts of some of the leading minds immediately preceding and contemporary with that event, reached even the retired student, and roused him to a perception of the condition of the world about him. A conscientious man, however fond of quiet, could then no longer shut his eyes to the changes which were rapidly going on; and if he thought, spoke, or wrote, the events, whose current carried him along with the rest, could not but become the subject of his meditations, words, and writings. The natural consequence was, that most writers were influenced by these external circumstances to an extent never before witnessed in literature, and their works, in proportion as they gained in liveliness and spirit, lost in dignity and impartiality.

This observation applies in a greater degree, than common, to Mr. Heine. He is emphatically the child of his time. He grew up at a period when the minds of men, especially in France and Germany, were in a state of fermentation; when old and new doctrines on almost every subject, and old and new prejudices, were floating about in chaotic confusion; when there was every thing to stimulate and excite a young, active mind, and little to guide and check it. All those passions, which such a state naturally fosters, found, in the writer whom we are considering, a most congenial soil, and grew up luxuriantly. His very powers, which are of the first order, served to pamper these passions, by the facility with which they furnished the means of gratification. He is an enemy of superstition, bigotry, and tyranny, without being a friend of religion and true liberty; and he hates the vices of others without loving virtue. His perception of others' faults and foibles is as quick and sure, as his ridicule is pointed and his sarcasm withering. If his object be to depreciate the literary rank of an author, he does not hesitate to expose his personal character, and draw largely from the reservoir of private scandal to accomplish his end. He is like some characters whom we meet in society, gifted with a peculiar power of discovering the foibles and defects of others with a penetration, and exposing them with a malice and cleverness, which make them at once hateful and entertaining, nay, instructive. Even when he acknowledges the injustice of opinions

previously entertained, he does it in so ungracious or frivolous a manner as to deprive his recantation of much, if not all, of its merit. To expect impartiality and fairness of mind from an individual of this description would be unreasonable.

Does any one ask, Of what use, then, is the perusal of the writings of such a man? Of very little, indeed, if we look solely for lessons of virtue; but of great importance, if we want the testimony of a man of talent concerning his own time and its literature, and of still greater importance, when we consider that this same man is not only a witness testifying to what he has seen and what he knows, but to some extent himself an actor in the great drama which is going on, and surely no despicable actor in a state of society where books are the most powerful engines for good or evil.* Men of Mr. Heine's stamp may be opposed, their opinions refuted, and their influence counteracted; but they cannot be silenced. Any attempt to conceal their influence only enhances the danger. They are, and are active; and it is impossible to form a complete and correct idea of the present social condition of Germany, and its prospect, of which they constitute an element, without being acquainted with them and their agency.

Besides, Mr. Heine has excellences as well as faults; and, although we are far from considering them as amends for his errors, we are equally far from denying or concealing their existence. His natural powers are indisputably of a high order, and have been carefully cultivated. His information, although it partakes on some subjects too much of the character of smattering, is by no means despicable on others. This is the case with regard to the whole range of German literature. As a literary man, and more particularly as a critic, he deserves the attention of every German student, because he exhibits a penetration and clearness of perception, a strength and distinctness of delineation, an abundance and happiness of illustration, an appropriateness of comparison, and a liveliness, ease, and vigor of style, rarely united in one man. His control of the language is remarkable; we doubt whether he is surpassed or even equalled in this respect, by

* We saw lately in a newspaper the following article; "The German Diet have denounced by a formal decree, as tending to overthrow the social order of religion, a school of literature and philosophy known under the name of *Young Germany*, at the head of which is Henry Heine, a writer of much ability and celebrity."

any writer of the present time. He combines the volatile, effervescent spirit of the French with the philosophical depth of the German. He evidently writes with an ease which sometimes approaches too nearly to carelessness. The bad habit of using foreign, especially French words, when a German one would answer as well, is perhaps excusable, being accounted for by the fact that he originally wrote this work in French and for the French. His poetical talent, even if he had not evinced it by particular productions which rank him high among the living poets of Germany, is apparent both from his appreciation of the same power in others, and from the beauty of many passages in the work under consideration, passages which have all that constitutes true poetry except versification. The account of the girl in the vicinity of Göttingen, who fell a victim to her misplaced affection and ill-regulated reading, with the exception, indeed, of a few eruptions of the author's inveterate frivolity; the comparison of the heroes of the *Niebelungenlied* to an assembly of the Gothic cathedrals of Europe; the description of the muse of Tieck, readily present themselves to us as examples.

From this short and hasty sketch of Mr. Heine as a literary man, it is at once apparent that he presents a strange mixture of good and bad qualities, and that it were equally incompatible with justice wholly to condemn or unconditionally to praise him. He is a phenomenon, and a very interesting one, of the time; and as such we present him to our readers. We are far from advocating or even excusing his political, theological, and philosophical opinions; but we would in fairness acknowledge the correctness, justice, and originality of many of his criticisms.

As the substance of the "Letters" has appeared in several different forms, we would state, for the purpose of guarding against misapprehension, that it formed, originally, a part of a larger work, written and published in French with the title *Sur l'Allemagne*, and that Heine, having reason to expect a translation into German, executed, perhaps, by an unfriendly hand, resolved to undertake this task himself. From fear of the censorship established in most of the German States, as well as from a due regard for the feelings of his countrymen, he omitted not only the political, but also the most offensive portion of the theological and philosophical parts. This modified work is the original of Mr. Haven's translation,

with the contents of which we shall now proceed to make our readers acquainted. In doing this we shall use, as far as possible, Mr. Heine's own words, in order to give not merely an account of his opinions, but also, with the least possible sacrifice of space, some specimens of his manner.

Mentioning Madame de Staël's work on Germany, as the occasion of his own, and the influence which A. W. Schlegel exercised upon her views, Heine is at once led to speak of that school in German literature, to the examination of which the larger portion of this work is devoted. He considers the two Schlegels as the leaders of the Romantic School, which he defines as the re-awakening of the poetry of the middle ages, as it manifested itself in the songs, the paintings, the architecture, the arts and manners of that period; which poetry was the offspring of Catholicism, then the only form of Christianity in Western Europe. Of this he says, that it was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the fearfully colossal materialism which had developed itself in the Roman Empire, and threatened with annihilation the whole spiritual supremacy of man.

"Sensuality had so usurped control in the Roman world, that the discipline of Christianity was fully needed for its subjection. After the banquet of a Trimalkion, must needs follow a rigid fast like Christianity." "The too full-blooded frames of the barbarians were spiritualized by Christianity. It originated the civilization of Europe. This is the praiseworthy, the holy aspect of Christianity. The Catholic church in this respect won for itself the greatest claims to our veneration, to our astonishment. By the grandeur and genius of her institutions she knew how to tame the bestiality of the northern barbarians, and to overpower their brutal materialism." — pp. 10 – 12.

This supremacy of the mind, this spiritualism, is the characteristic of all the productions of art in the Middle Ages, whether in poetry, music, or architecture.

"The poetry of all these productions of the Middle Ages bears a decided character, by which it is distinguished from the poetry of the Greeks and Romans. In regard to this distinction, we entitle the former the Romantic, the latter the Classic School of poetry." "The Classic art had but to represent the finite, and its forms were identical with the idea of the artist. The Romantic art had to present, or rather to intimate, the infinite and purely spiritual relations, and hence took refuge in a system of

traditional symbols, or rather parables, even as Christ had sought to make clear his spiritual ideas by every species of parable." — pp. 16–18.

When the power of Catholicism waned, its influence upon the arts, also, naturally declined. A reaction took place, which, though the concomitant or effect of Protestantism, was yet by no means confined to the productions of Protestants, but appeared, as Heine ingeniously shows, quite as plainly in Catholic countries and the works of Catholic writers and artists. The period of the new Classic School commenced. This new school developed itself most completely in France, and thence spread over the whole of Europe. In Germany, however, where Godsched was one of its most distinguished leaders, its reign was not of long duration.

"Lessing was the literary Arminius, who freed our theatre from such foreign thralldom. He showed us the nothingness, the ridiculousness, the tastelessness of such an imitation of the French stage, in turn an imitation of the Grecian. But not only by means of his criticism, but also by his own productions, was he the founder of the new school of original German literature. Every tendency of the mind; every form of life, did he follow out with enthusiasm, and with impartiality. The arts, theology, antiquities, poetry, theatricals, history, he pursued them all with the same zeal and to the same object. In all his works there breathes the same great social view, the same progressive humanity, the same rational faith, of which he was the Messenger in the Wilderness, and whose 'Mightier than he' we still await. This religion did he ever teach, though, alas! but too often in solitude and the desert. And then he lacked the power of converting stones to bread, and spent the greater portion of his days in penury and affliction. That is the curse that lights upon almost every German intellect, and which, perhaps, can be dissipated only by political liberty. More than men suspect, was Lessing's interest in political changes; a peculiarity in which he stands apart from almost all of his contemporaries, and in this view we first comprehend aright his description of the petty despotism in 'Emilia Galotti.' He was, at that time, regarded only in the light of a champion for freedom of spirit, and an assailer of clerical intolerance; for his theological writings were better understood." "He was, in truth, a man; and while in his polemics he struggled to overthrow the ancient, he at the same time created a something new and of greater worth. He resembled, says an

old German author, those pious Israelites, who, at the building of the second temple, were oft interrupted by incursions of the foe; with one hand they drove back the assailant, with the other, still labored on the house of God." — pp. 24, 26.

It is while speaking of Lessing and Herder, that Heine makes the following beautiful observation on literary history.

"Literary history! It is a vast *morgue*, where each seeks out the friend whom he most loved, with whom he was most familiar. When, amid so many unknown, unhonored forms, I gaze upon a Lessing, or a Herder, upon those faces stamped with the proudest impress of humanity, my heart beats within me. How can I pass away, without a fleeting kiss upon those pallid lips?" — p. 27.

Although Lessing did much by opposing the French school and its second-hand imitations of the Greeks, he occasioned a similar error, even if he did not err himself, by encouraging, unintentionally, a race of feeble and insipid imitators of the genuine works of ancient Grecian art. And, in the same manner, while he opposed religious superstition, he favored, though unconsciously, that sickly spirit of enlightenment that characterized his time, and shone particularly in Berlin under the direction of Nicolai.

In opposition to these pseudo-disciples of the great Lessing, the new Romantic School arose, at the head of which were the two Schlegels. Heine acknowledges the merits of these two distinguished men as critics; but, with regard to their efforts to produce a new literature by means of a well-founded theory, he objects to them, as he does to Lessing, only in a much higher degree, the want of a philosophical system, a want which the *philosophemes* of Fichte and Schelling could not provide for, and which they themselves endeavoured practically to supply by recommending as models, and rendering accessible by means of translations, the best productions of the poetry of the middle ages, especially Shakspeare and Calderon. Heine ridicules this attempt of resorting to the fountains of the *naïve* and simple poetry of the middle ages, and, we think, to some extent, with justice.

"It happened to them [the disciples of the new Romantic School], as to the superannuated maid of honor, of whom the following tale is told: She had observed that her lady owned a wonderful elixir, which possessed the power of renewing youth; in the absence of her lady she took from her toilet the flask

containing this elixir ; but in place of drinking a few drops only, she made so long and potent a draught, that, by reason of the increasing wondrous power of the youth-renewing drink, she became not only young, but, in truth, a very little child. And verily such was also the effect upon our excellent Tieck, the best poet of the school ; he had quaffed so deeply from the popular legends and poems of the middle ages, that he became almost an infant, and bloomed downward to that lispng simplicity which Madame de Staël has been at so much trouble to admire." — pp. 33, 34.

Besides the spirit of opposition to the insipid literature of the time immediately after Lessing, the political condition of Germany, groaning as it was under the yoke of Napoleon, fostered this admiration of the middle ages and their arts. The want of a more distinctly national element in German literature was felt, and the Romantic School appeared to be able and ready to supply it. The manner in which Heine speaks of the influence of the political condition of the country, of the efforts of the governments, especially that of Prussia, to awaken a spirit of nationality, and the consequences of these efforts, is one of the many instances of his extravagance and frivolity ; yet it cannot be denied that there is good ground for the charges implied in his irony, considering that the governments abused the noble sentiment of patriotism for their selfish ends, corrupted its very nature, and changed its legitimate objects ; " they commanded us," as Heine says, " to become patriots, and patriots we became."

The tendency towards the spirit of the middle ages was not limited to art and literature, but naturally extended to religion ; it strengthened those who were already Catholics in their attachment to their church, and caused others, both literary men and artists, to join it. Such a state of things could not but excite the attention of the friends of Protestantism, and cause a reaction.

" Truly, it was without aught of partiality that I named spiritual freedom and Protestantism conjointly ; in fact, a most friendly relation subsists between them there [in Germany]. At all events they are related to each other as mother and daughter ; and if we object to the many unpleasing peculiarities of Protestantism, still to her everlasting honor be it said, that, because she has permitted free inquiry into the Christian faith, and liberated

the spirit of man from the authoritative yoke, therefore free inquiry has struck deep its roots in the soil of Germany, and the sciences have obtained an independent developement. The German philosophy, although it now ranges beside the Protestant church, nay, even strives to exalt itself above her, is still but her daughter; as such she is ever bound to a regardful piety toward her mother; and their allied interest demanded that they should league together, when both were threatened by Jesuitism, their common foe. All the friends of spiritual freedom and of the Protestant church, skeptic as well as orthodox, roused themselves simultaneously against the restoration of Catholicism; and, as might naturally be supposed, the liberals stood forth equally in the ranks of this opposition; not, indeed, that they were peculiarly interested, either in philosophy, or the Protestant church, but because they were alarmed for the welfare of civic freedom. Up to this period, however, the liberals of Germany had ever been both school-philosophers and theologians; and it was ever the same idea of freedom for which they fought, it mattered not whether they treated of a theme purely political, or philosophical, or theological. This is most plainly manifest in the life of that individual who undermined the Romantic School at its very outset, and has now most effectually contributed to its overthrow. This individual is Johann Heinrich Voss." — pp. 42 – 44.

What Heine says of France with regard to Voss, that in that country he is wholly unknown, might with equal justice be said of America. And yet the fervent eulogy of the man, as a scholar and a friend of spiritual and political liberty, as one of the pillars of German literature, to whose merits such a man as Niebuhr * has borne testimony, is fully sustained by facts; and if there be any thing to be added, it is that he was possessed of a private character of great worth, and spotless purity, which rendered him an object of veneration and respect to all who knew him. His contest with Friedrich von Stollberg was more than a personal dispute, it was the encounter of the spirit of liberty and aristocratic privileges; Voss and Stollberg were the representatives of the two great parties.

"The German democracy and the German aristocracy, which, previously to the [first French] Revolution, when the

* "I say it, well considering what I say, that the influence of the labors of Voss on the whole German nation, will be so great, that other nations will feel and acknowledge it." — Lieber's *Reminiscences of Niebuhr*.

one had nothing to hope and the other nothing to fear, had joined in such free and youthful brotherhood, now stood as old men, face to face, to fight the fight of death." — p. 49.

Heine introduces another opponent of the Romantic School, no less a personage than Goethe ; but we are inclined to consider his opposition of a negative kind rather than a positive, and call it aversion rather than opposition. For the purpose of supporting his opinions, Heine refers to an article "Upon the Christian Patriotic New-German Art," in his periodical work, "Art and Antiquity."

"In this article, Goethe made, as it were, his eighteenth Brumaire in German literature ; for, while he drove the Schlegels so harshly from the temple and attached to his own person many of their most zealous disciples, and was hailed with acclamations by a public to which the Directory of the Schlegels had long since become a scourge, he at the same time laid the foundation of his own monarchical sway over German literature. From that moment no one spake of the Schlegels more, excepting when their names were, perchance, mentioned, as are those of Barras and Gohier." — p. 55.

But Goethe was not suffered to finish his career without opposition. He lived long enough to see opponents and enemies rise up on all sides, and advance the most diverse charges, the principal of which were, that his poems were without moral tendency, and that he presented no noble forms, but only vulgar figures ; while Schiller, on the contrary, had exhibited ideal characters of the noblest order, and was, therefore, the greater poet. Others went even further, and, like Menzel, denying his genius, allowed him only talent. The advocates of Goethe endeavoured strenuously to defend him, especially against the first charge, by asserting that art, like the world, remains eternally the same (however the views of men in regard to it may be subject to ceaseless change), and independent of the temporal views of men, and especially independent of morality, which is ever changing upon earth with every new religion. Schiller attached himself much more strongly than Goethe to this world of reality, and, as the poet, that second creator, resembles his great original in this also, that he "forms men in his own image," Schiller created a Carl Moor and Marquis Posa, while Goethe produced his Werther, Wilhelm Meister, and Faust. This portion

of Heine's book is one of the most characteristic 'specimens of our author's style of criticism. We extract a few periods.

"Nothing is more ridiculous than to depreciate Goethe in favor of Schiller, toward whom the intent was not honorable, and whom men have ever lauded in order to diminish the praise of Goethe. Or were men verily ignorant, that those highly painted, those purely ideal forms, those altar-images of virtue and morality, which Schiller has erected, are far easier to produce than those frail, every-day, contaminated beings that Goethe reveals to us in his works? Know ye not, then, that indifferent painters ever present the full-length picture of some holy saint upon the canvass, but that it requires a consummate master to paint a Spanish beggar, or a Dutch peasant suffering a tooth to be extracted, or hideous old women, as we see them in the little Dutch cabinet pictures, true to life, and perfect in art?" "The Egyptian sorcerers could imitate many of the acts of Moses, as the snakes, the blood, the frogs even; but when he did acts, much more seemingly easy for the magicians, namely, brought vermin upon the land, then they confessed their inability, and said 'That is the finger of God.' " — pp. 70, 71.

Mentioning the personal appearance of Goethe, and his resemblance to the antique representations of Jupiter, Heine relates his own interview with him.

"Verily, when I visited him in Weimar, and stood in his presence, I involuntarily turned my eyes aside, to see if the eagle, with the thunderbolts in his beak, were not attendant upon him. I was just on the point of addressing him in Greek, but when I perceived that he spoke German, I told him in that language, 'that the plums, upon the road between Jena and Weimar, had an excellent relish.' Many a long winter night had I thought with myself how much that was lofty and profound I should say to Goethe, if ever I should see him; and when at last I saw him, I told him that the Saxon plums were excellent." — p. 82.

Heine concludes his remarks on Goethe with the following words;

"Was it out of respect, or was it out of insolence, that death spared all kings, during the year that is gone? Out of pastime he struck senseless the King of Spain, but opportunely bethought himself, and let him live. In the year that has flown, not one single king has died. *Les dieux s'en vont*; as for the kings, we retain them still." — p. 83.

The part of the book, which immediately follows the criti-

cism on Goethe, is devoted to the Schlegels, and is, upon the whole, the most exceptionable portion, indicating a relentless, atrocious hostility, for which there is, upon Heine's own showing, no sort of ground. We are naturally led to suspect some private grudge ; but of what kind, we are not able to divine, nor disposed to inquire. To the younger of the two brothers, Friedrich, Heine allows the precedence as to talent and ability. He does justice to Schlegel's merits in his "Wisdom and Language of the Indians," by which he became to Germany what Sir William Jones is to England, and his "Lectures upon the History of Literature." He closes his remarks upon the latter work thus ;

"Yet, notwithstanding this defect, I know of no abler book upon this subject. It is only by a union of all Herder's labors upon this branch, that one can gain a better general view of the literature of all nations. For Herder sat not in judgment upon the nations, like a high-inquisitor of literature, to condemn or absolve them, according to their degrees of faith. No ! Herder regarded the human race as a mighty harp in the hand of a mighty master ; every people appeared to him a string, tuned to a peculiar measure, and he comprehended the universal harmony of its diverse sounds." — p. 89.

More space, and more venom too, is bestowed upon A. W. Schlegel, the elder brother, interspersed, however, as is indeed the whole book, with correct opinions and shrewd remarks. The very manner in which he introduces him, is a specimen of his bitterness of feeling towards him.

"Were I in Germany, and should attempt to speak of him, men would look upon me with amazement. Who is there in Paris that now speaks of the *Giraffe* ? A. W. Schlegel was born in Hanover, the 5th of September, 1767. I do not know the date by his own confession. I was never so ungallant as to inquire of him his age. This date I found, if I am not mistaken, in Spindler's 'Lexicon of German Authoresses.' Hence A. W. Schlegel is now sixty-four years old. Alexander von Humboldt and other natural philosophers affirm that he is older. Cham-pollion was also of the same opinion." — p. 90.

Notwithstanding his great and violent hatred of Schlegel, he acknowledges fully his merits as a translator, admitting that his translation of Shakspeare is masterly and never to be surpassed, and that he possesses the greatest metrical talent of any German, with the exception, perhaps, of Gries and Platen.

In the study of the ancient German, he places Jacob Grimm, and in that of the Sanscrit, Franz Bopp far above him; and as a historian, he says, he cannot be compared with Niebuhr, Johannes von Mueller, Heeren, or Schlosser. The following anecdote illustrates what he thinks of him as a poet.

“The violin-player Solomons, who gave lessons to George the Third of England, once said to his noble scholar, ‘Violin-players are divided into three classes; to the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second belong those who play very miserably; and to the third, those who play finely; your Majesty has already elevated yourself to the rank of the second class.’ Does August Wilhelm Schlegel belong to the first class or to the second class? Some say he is no poet at all; others, that he is a very miserable one. Thus much I know for certain, he is no Paganini.” — p. 92.

But he is most dissatisfied with Schlegel as a critic; and he ascribes his inefficiency in this respect chiefly, if not solely, to his want of a philosophical foundation, and his inability to comprehend his own time, however fully he has comprehended the spirit of the past, especially of the middle ages, and however successful he is in pointing out this spirit as it exists in the ancient monuments of art, and in demonstrating their beauties in this point of view. By this he accounts particularly for his opposition to the French Drama, and his declaration that the French were the most prosaic people in the world, and that there was no such thing as poetry in France.

“All this did the man say at a period, when so many leaders of the Convention of the great Titan-tragedy wandered in bodily form before his eyes; at a period when Napoleon daily improvised an excellent epic, and Paris was thronged with heroes, kings, and gods.” “Who knows how many deeds have bloomed forth from the verses of Racine! The French heroes who lie entombed by the Pyramids, by Marengo, Austerlitz, Moscow, and Waterloo, they all had once listened to the measures of Racine, and their Emperor had heard them from the lips of Talma. Who knows how many tons of fame in the Vendôme column belong peculiarly to Racine! Whether Euripides were a greater poet than Racine, I know not; but I do know that the latter was a living fountain of enthusiasm, whose draughts intoxicated, enchanted, and inflamed an entire nation. What more would you ask of an individual poet?” — pp. 95, 97.

The description of the personal appearance of A. W. Schlegel, and the allusions to his private affairs, are so evidently in bad taste and proofs of a rancorous and implacable malice, that we best consult our feelings, and, we think, those of our readers, by passing them by in silent contempt. Justice requires us to state that Heine himself seems to be aware of the impropriety of his conduct ; for, when speaking of Goerres he says ;

“In the judgment I have passed upon his friends, the two Schlegels, I have perhaps overstepped the bounds proper to be observed in the biographies of these men.” — p. 131.

Tieck, who naturally presents himself, being one of the more distinguished, perhaps the most distinguished, of the Romantic School, is, after Schlegel, submitted to a close scrutiny, the result of which, though by no means indicating a friendly spirit, is upon the whole correct, and acknowledges his unquestionable genius.

“And, in truth, he was a poet, a name to which neither of the Schlegels could advance a claim. He was, indeed, the son of Phœbus Apollo, and, like his ever-youthful father, he bore not only the lyre, but also the quiver full of rattling arrows. He was intoxicated with lyrical delight and critical severity, as was the Delphian god. And when, like Apollo, he had pitilessly flayed some literary Marsyas, then, with blood-stained fingers, did he joyously seize again his golden-stringed lyre, and sing a jovial love-song. The poetical polemics which Tieck sustained, under a dramatic form, against the opponents of this school, must rank with the most extraordinary productions of our literature.” — pp. 106, 107.

A remarkable circumstance in the literary career of Tieck is presented in his several manners. When he made his first appearance, it was, under the banner of Nicolai, as one of the Berlin advocates of enlightenment and reason, and enemies of superstition and mysticism. He then displayed little of that poetical genius which afterwards astonished and delighted Germany by its brilliancy and abundance. What Heine says of him is very true ; it was as if he needed to come into contact with some one who was to open and draw out the hidden treasures ; and this was done by the Schlegels. From the time of his connexion with them commences his second manner, of which the most remarkable specimens are several dramas and

novels, as "Der Kaiser Octavian," "Die Heilige Genoveva," "Der Fortunat," "Der blonde Eckbert," and "Der Runenberg." We cannot withstand the temptation to give Heine's description of the character of the novels.

"In these romances there reigns a mysterious accordance, a wonderful intelligence with nature, particularly with the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The reader feels as if traversing an enchanted forest; he hears the subterranean fountains gushing in melody, and oft believes his own name is lisped forth amid the rustling foliage; the broad-leaved plants that trail along the ground twine fearfully around his feet; wildly strange and wondrous flowers glare upon him with party-colored and longing eyes; invisible lips kiss his cheeks with playful tenderness; lofty mushrooms, like golden bells, ring as they spring up beneath the spreading trees; vast, yet silent birds rock themselves upon the branches, and nod downwards with long and knowing bills; all breathes, all listens, fills us with terror, and awakens the most eager curiosity. Then the soft notes of a hunter's horn suddenly break upon the ear, and on her white palfrey, flits along the beauteous image of a lady, the feathers waving from her cap, and the falcon perched upon her wrist. And this beauteous lady is even as beautiful, as blond, as violet-eyed, as smiling and yet as serious, as true and yet as ironical, as chaste and yet as languishing, as the fantasy of our admirable Ludwig Tieck. Yes! his fantasy is a graceful dame of knighthood, chasing the fabulous beasts of an enchanted forest, perchance the most wonderful unicorn, that none, save the chastest maiden, may ever make captive."— pp. 114–116.

Tieck appeared next in his third manner, not a little surprising to those, who, having lately known him as the admirer of the middle ages, saw him now oppose mysticism, insist upon perfect clearness and reasonableness in the productions of art, and represent, in his own productions, life in its most modern forms. Heine, frequently too prone to looking abroad for motives and causes, ascribes this change in Tieck's manner to the influence of Goethe; as he accounts for his second manner by that of the Schlegels. Without denying the influence of one mind upon others, it seems to us, that these three manners of Tieck are the principal stages of a perfectly natural and spontaneous process of the inner man; and what strikes Heine as a strange discrepancy between the understanding and imagination, appears to us as perfect

harmony; the absence of extremes ; in a word, the result of a natural and complete developement.

The remarks on Schelling, Hegel, Steffens, and Goerres are full of interest and humor, but by no means free from prejudice. Heine's charge against the philosophers of the day, that they are state-philosophers, devising a philosophical justification of all interests of the governments to which they owe their patronage, seeking out grounds to justify the existing order of things, and being vindicators of all that is, is the same which was brought against Hegel twenty years ago by many clear-headed and liberal-minded men, and he owed probably his call to Berlin, in 1818, to this faculty of adaptation.

A series of short but graphic sketches of the principal remaining authors of the Romantic School, Hoffmann, Novalis, Brentano, and Arnim, closes this volume, from which we long to extract many passages, especially those relating to German popular poetry and the "Niebelungenlied," but our limits oblige us to forbear.

We should, however, be deficient in our duty, if we did not add a few words of testimony to the great merits of Mr. Haven's translation. His is indeed a translation, not only of the letter, but of the spirit also ; and every one, who is acquainted with the original, and has been struck by the peculiar power of Mr. Heine's style, will at once acknowledge this to be no small praise. We cannot express our admiration of Mr. Haven's talent as a translator in a more convincing manner, than by requesting him to pursue this career, and gratify us with many similar proofs of his acquirements and ability.

ART. VIII. — *De la Démocratie en Amérique*. Par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, L'un des Auteurs du Livre intitulé, "Du Système pénitenciaire aux États-Unis."

On the Democracy of America. By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, One of the authors of "The Penitentiary System of the United States." In Two Volumes. 8vo. Second Edition. Paris. 1835.

IN a former Number of our journal, we reviewed "*The Penitentiary System of the United States*," the joint production of